



THE
EVANESCENT
CITY

GEORGE STERLING
FRANCIS BRUGUIERE

To

Mr & Mrs Slater

Xmas 1916

Greetings

"Toots"



ALTAR: PALACE OF FINE ARTS

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THE EVANESCENT CITY

by

GEORGE STERLING

With Nine Illustrations after Photographs

by

FRANCIS BRUGUIERE

And

A Cover in Color after the Painting by
WILL SPARKS

SAN FRANCISCO
A. M. ROBERTSON
1916

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Note:

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THE EVANESCENT CITY



THE EVANESCENT CITY

*G*REAT on the west, ere darkness crush her domes,

Wine-red the city of the sunset lies.

Below her courts the mournful ocean foams;

Above, no foam of cloud is in the skies.

THE EVANESCENT CITY

*Awhile I stand, a dreamer by the deep,
And watch the winds of evening sap her walls,
Till ashen armies to the ramparts sweep
And seas of shadow storm the gleaming halls.*

PALACE OF
HORTICULTURE



THE EVANESCENT CITY

*So dies that far magnificence of light,
A conquered splendor on a crumbling pyre,
'Mid fall of crimson temples from their height
And ruined altars yielding up their fire.*

WATER SPIRIT
BY
LEO LENTELLI



THE EVANESCENT CITY

So fades that city, one with all that finds

The nameless road that Beauty takes at last—

One with her dust upon the twilight winds

And all her music mingling with the Past.

COLONNADE:
COURT OF THE UNIVERSE



THE EVANESCENT CITY

*"Farewell!" I whisper low—then thrill to see,
Unseen till now, eternal and afar,
Soul of dead day and pledge of peace to be,
The tranquil silver of the evening star. . . .*

DOORWAY:
PALACE OF MACHINERY



THE EVANESCENT CITY

*And even thus our city of a year
Must pass like those the shafted sunsets build,
Fleeting as all fair things and, fleeting, dear—
A rainbow fallen and an anthem stilled.*

DOORWAY:
PALACE OF VARIED INDUSTRIES



THE EVANESCENT CITY

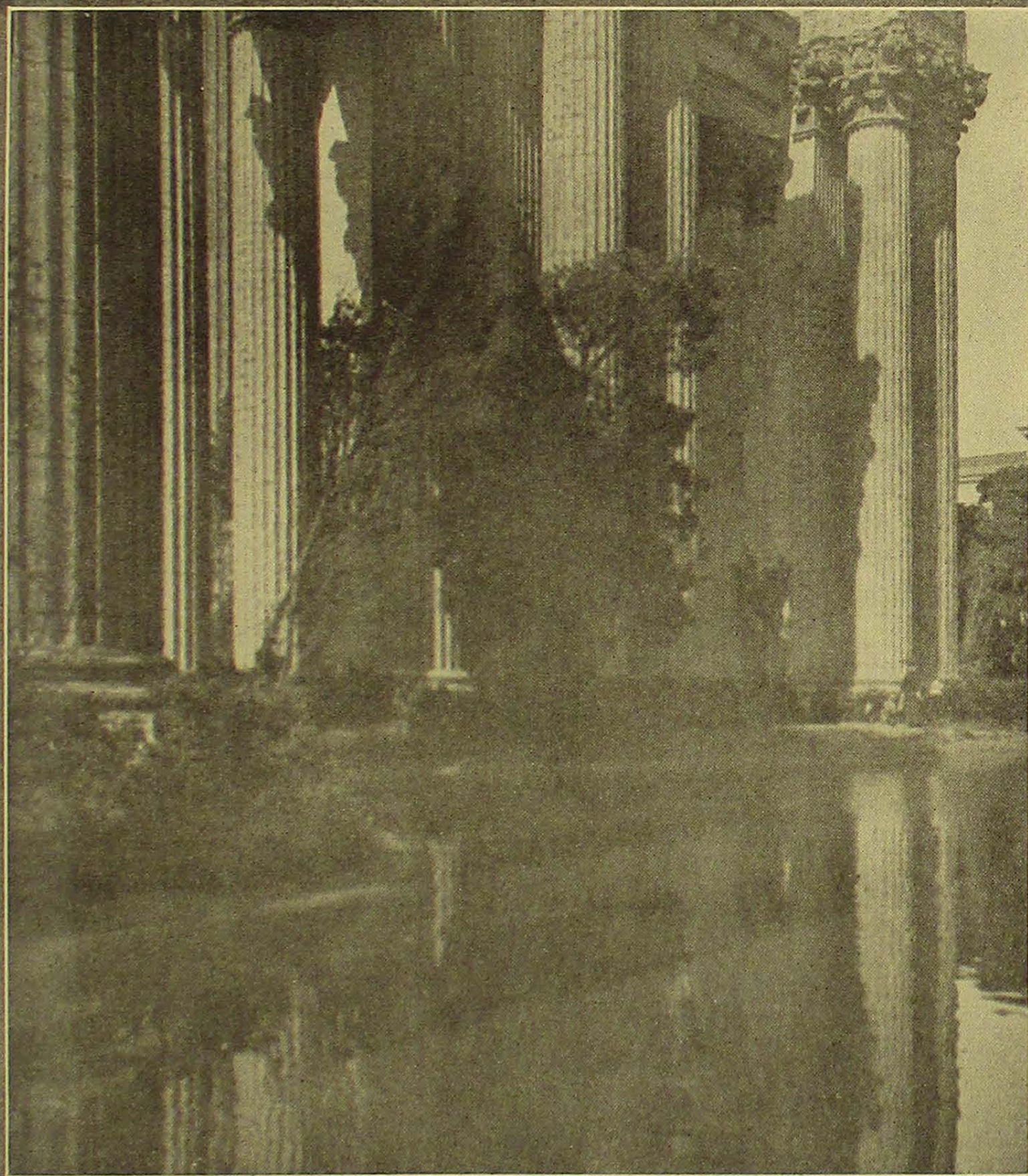
A rainbow fallen—but within the soul

Its deep indubitable iris burns;

An anthem stilled—yet for its ghostly goal

The incommunicable music yearns.

COLUMNS AND LAGOON:
PALACE OF FINE ARTS



THE EVANESCENT CITY

Only for Beauty's passing shall we trace

The heavenly pathway that her feet have trod;

Only at her departure seek her face—

We that shall find it not this side of God.

COLUMNS AND ROTUNDA:
PALACE OF FINE ARTS



THE END

